

# Funbare

Nº16

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IN CANADA  
AND U.S.A. 35c.

JILL LUCIENNE  
in  
Nautical But Nice

Adventures of a Glamour Girl







Funfare favourite JILL LUCIENNE, home on leave, must win the title of the mermaid matelots would most like to be lost at sea with. Mmmmm?



# Funfare

## ADVENTURES OF A GLAMOUR GIRL



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### Editorial

Well, Archbishop Makarios having turned out to be a nice, kind, old gentleman, after all (!), perhaps we can forget blood and thunder for a while. Perhaps we can concentrate on pleasanter things, like the coming summer—perhaps!—and the ever-present parade of beauty.

You must be aware by now, we hope, that our concentration on beauty has never wavered, in which case you'll suspect that we're addressing our comment primarily to you—and you'll be quite right. We just haven't had time for diversions of a political nature, and we trust that our conscientious adherence to duty will result in a long line of Funfare glamour that will in turn keep your attention fixed this way. All digressions towards fractious politics we deeply deplore.

Is that a sufficiently clear answer to correspondents who have written asking us our opinion of the French Congo problem?

### All About Jill

Well, we've already told you all about our vivacious Jill, and what more can we add? Well, we can tell you she's contemplating one of two things—either spending a long time as a Nanny in the South of France so that she can slick up her French, or emigrating to New Zealand with her sister.

A Nanny? Emigrating? Either is the absolute end!



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## *Nautical But Nice*

- ★ It doesn't follow that a sailor aboard ship loves everything about it. It doesn't even mean he loves the sea. There have been captains, for instance, who hated every wave, especially the high ones. But one thing all sailors would like for sure would be Jill Lucienne as a comrade-in-arms in the Wrens.







Anyway, apart from all the flannel—Jill says there's no need to lay it on as thick as that because she's not that good (!)—what happens if a Wren comes home on leave and finds no one there to let her in?

Well, she climbs in through the window. She thought her sister must be around somewhere because of the smalls on the line.

★









This is simple stuff to any Wren who's used to climbing rigging, if there are any, and on a different level it's not unconnected with the bosun's gently-murmured request for all lousy lubbers to show a leg. A lousy lubber is usually someone who hasn't got a leg worth showing, actually, from which you can judge that Jill, as she leans out of the window to grab her suitcase, doesn't come into that particular category.





Announcing in clear tones that she was home, Jill got no reply, so went to the stairs and yelled for someone to come down and say hello.









A carpeted stairway is a little different from the scuppers, and Jill, probably more used to the latter than the former, fell up the bottom flight with the careless grace of an admiral three ways over in hard liquor.

(Oh, that, by the way, is no reflection on any admiral of our time or even before, but there were certainly some characters around in Nelson's day).







Hallo, there goes the mainbrace. Well,  
swipe me, Silver, get it spliced. Aye,  
aye, sir—hic, hic.















★

Repairs having been effected, Jill ruefully contemplated the dullness of coming home on leave to an empty house. But sailors, they say, don't care. And Jill, having found a new record in stock, decided to brighten things up with a little music.









This was a new title called "All the nice boys love a sailor girl". And it had a beat to it.







It must be a fact that not all nice boys love all sailor girls, but when the music's got a beat to it you don't think about the inaccuracies. Jill, as a change from hotting things up as a relief cook in the galley, got hep—which is a landlubber's term for splicing a bit more mainbrace or something. Well, anyway, she hitched her skirt and did the landgirl's version of Sinbad's hornpipe. And what a hornpipe that was — because Sinbad was the kind of sailor who should never have joined.











The record turned out to be a long player, and the beat gave out on the second band. A dreamy waltz took over, and although Jill is young enough to regard waltzing as a peculiar pastime strictly for squares, there wasn't anything else to do until her sister got back apart from listen, so listen she did.

The third band turned out to be something that sounded like the 'Post Horn Gallop', and that gave Jill the musical inspiration to get as near to riding a horse as she'd been since the skipper of a launch dropped anchor at Epsom on a wet Derby day.

"I told him and told him," said Jill, "that a list of runners was no real substitute for a navigational chart."









More music with a beat. Jackets off, girls, and forget that lieutenant in Gibraltar. Nautical, yes, but not a bit nice. The lieutenant, we mean.











Jill jiving it up again looks all nice, but even a long-player comes to a finish eventually. Still on her ownsome, there wasn't much else to do except read a book.









Ever met a Wren who turned out to be just a layabout? No, you never did. They don't turn them out that way anywhere.





Merely a question here of a girl relaxing just the way she wants to relax, and if it looks rather delightfully leggy, remember, if you're a matelot, there are very few limbs aboard a battleship which match these—and that includes American battleships.





We mention American battleships  
because naturally they've got every-  
thing. Everything, that is, except Jill.







In the line of duty a Wren, like every other sailor, never drops off. Off-duty everyone's entitled to drop off anytime they like, and if petty officers are the only ones to sleep with one eye open, it's because petty officers, like Army sergeants, can't bear to miss a thing. Sad, really.







Oh, sorry. Chatting away there we forgot about Jill. Poor girl slipped through the chairs when they parted. She's grounded. Often think it's tough on the barnacles when a ship is grounded, but Jill, of course, doesn't wear any.

There was, however, a horrible sound of tearing skirt.









Nothing for it but to effect repairs. Meanwhile, have you guys ever realised a girl in her shirt tails looks a whole lot better than you do in yours?







You don't believe it? Well, if Jill above doesn't confirm it, you don't know a shirt from a petticoat, and you must be in a heck of a state.



PHOTOGRAPHS of Jill in this issue are all exclusive, and are available to readers at 3/6d each half-plate print, 5/6d whole plate. One free print with all orders of six and over.

Also available, sets of 8 beautiful Whole Plate Pin-Up Photographs at 15/- the set. Lingerie or Bikini sets. State which you prefer.



## Talking Point •

by MARJORIE SMITH

This month's "new face" belongs to a girl who's a real expert when it comes to making every minute count. P A M E L A PORTMAN is her name, and Pam is a professional dancer and model, co-director with her husband of a plastics firm, and still finds time to do all her own housework.

That's the kind of tight schedule that makes some of us sit up and wonder what we've been doing with all the spare time we must have! And not only that, Pam also helps to make life easier for other housewives. Whenever she hits a snag in her own chores she gets together with hubby, and they design a gadget guaranteed to overcome same. Pretty good, mmm?

But all this efficiency apart, what really concerns all readers of Funfare is—I'm sure—the fact that Pam is a real top-notch in the glamour stakes. And you can be certain that means you'll be seeing more of her in our issues. In fact, I'm hoping to feature her in a Funfare series, in which case you can be sure that Pam will be

making as much of every photograph as she does of every minute. And that means every one will be the mostest

Oh, yes, and don't forget that if you'd like to see yourself featured on this page—send along a photograph of yourself. You don't have to be a human dynamo like Pam, you just have to look good and I'll put you in print.

★ ★ ★





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